

*Meghan L. Davis*

# Vessel



How do we know the bodies we love?  
We see their surfaces; layers of  
skin, hair, clothes.  
Seeing though, has never been enough.  
We have an insatiable craving to be inside.  
Knowing and understanding.  
We attempt to seep our way inside, first by sitting on the skin,  
hoping to be absorbed by time and with diligence.  
This is futile. For, we sit upon the upper most layer of epidermis  
to create yet, another layer.

So, we creep across the other openings of the body to find  
one in which we can fit. Small though they are,  
we squeeze ourselves  
inside. Maybe through the ear canal to dent their memories  
with our sounds.  
Still, this is not enough. We move over the body and its  
orifices and find

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one that holds promise; the mouth. It is here that we scrap  
our spines  
on the roof crawling inside. Passed the teeth and the tongue  
slipping down the throat. We make our beds in the belly,  
and recline amongst the acids and juices. Here we are comfortable.  
Here we bloat the individual.

Eventually, we tire of this, and it too, is not enough.  
So, we move through the inside of the body climbing  
the spine like a ladder. We reach the eyeballs,  
licking the backs of the  
eyelids tasting the slat of tears to come. We move on,  
our mouths wet and dripping  
to the tunnels of the brain. A delicious maze. We walk through  
its twists and turns dizzy. We grow famished.  
Ripping chunks out of its walls, we feed ourselves.  
Here, we make another home, for it is more permanent  
than the last.  
It is not enough to be ingested, we crave to be remembered.

So, we trash the place. Pissing on the floors, staining the carpets  
of the mind. Punching holes through the dry wall of  
another soul.  
We wreak our havoc in the minds of individuals, whirling about  
like garbage in a strip mall lot.